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AS the threatened railroad strike recedes in the distance one result of it stands out in increasingly clear relief. The means taken by the President and Congress to prevent it have aroused grave disquietude among many Americans who were not themselves hostile to the demands of the Brotherhoods; and this disquietude may be shared even by those to whom the price paid for the prevention of the strike is not estimated as excessive. The source of the disquietude is, of course, the feeling that the American government, the constituted representatives of the American people, have yielded too much to a combination of political and economic force exercised by a powerful special group, thus impairing the future security and the present integrity of the American nation. In so far as this feeling explodes in a criticism of President Wilson, we do not share it. The President's management of the crisis may be fairly criticized in one respect. In his justifiable stand for the eight-hour day he did nothing to distinguish the eight-hour day as a standard of labor from the eight-hour day as a yard stick for measuring wages. But the program of legislation submitted by him to Congress was much more than a desperate expedient, adopted as a last straw, to prevent a national calamity. It was the program of a statesman who was using a crisis for the purpose of initiating a reorganization which would have tended to prevent the recurrence of such a desperate choice. Congress is the culprit. It carefully eliminated everything from the program which looked towards the establishment of better methods of promoting the public interests compromised by railroad strikes, and passed just enough legislation to avert the impending calamity. It has left the country unprotected for the future and it has aroused apprehensions about that future in a respectable section of public opinion.

THERE is much criticism of the President because he yielded to Congress, and failed to insist on the whole of his program. If the President is culpable in this regard his culpability is shared by the Republican minority in the Senate, who could have refused to consent to the passage of the Adamson bill unless it was supplemented by legislation enacting the principle of compulsory mediation. They possessed the veto power under the Senate rules no less than the President did under the Federal constitution, but they did not dare to use it. The result is, as we have said, disquieting. The national government has abandoned its neutrality and has intervened in a labor dispute, but its intervention has been confined to an unqualified submission to the demands of one of the belligerents. It has established two precedents, one of which is a matter for public satisfaction, the other for public dissatisfaction. It has made the wages and hours of labor on railroads no less a matter of national policy than railroad rates, but the national policy already established is partial, timid and without scope or dignity. When Congress re-assembles in December the country will expect the President to use his influence over Congress for the purpose of securing the enactment into law of the rest of his program. Considering the part which he has played in this whole matter, the

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obligation is clearly on him to prevent national intervention in an industrial dispute from the plausible accusation of being a mere device to avoid inconvenience, loss, suffering and terrorism.

AMERICAN resentment at the vexatious and costly interference with American commerce, which the various ramifications of the British blockade of Germany has brought with it, has finally culminated in a serious threat of retaliation. The amendments to the revenue bill, inserted by the Senate, will place in the hands of the President formidable weapons of commercial warfare. He can meet discrimination with discrimination, embargo with embargo, and dislocation of the mail service with a withdrawal of the right to use American mails. Congress has provided him with these weapons at his own request, so that he must feel the need of them. Presumably he intends under certain circumstances to use them. We trust he will pick his ground carefully and not embroil the country in a quarrel which may result in nothing but bitterness of feeling, recriminations and severe losses to both parties. In advising caution we are far from meaning that he is not justified in asking for these weapons and that he may not accomplish something by their possession or their use. But if we understand the temper of the British government he will succeed only within narrow limits by the use of such weapons in alleviating grievances, while he may become involved in a fight which neither he nor the country would want to push to the limit. A quarrel with the Allies, undertaken during a presidential campaign, which would seriously embarrass the Allies in the prosecution of the war and which accomplished nothing of value for American commerce, would be revolting to a larger section of public opinion than it would please. Whatever is done must be done without being open to the suspicion of political motives, without any yielding to mere irritation and only after a careful calculation of profit and loss.

A FRESH cause of contention has developed between the companies and the employees in the New York traction system, and one that the companies have every resolution to push. It grows out of the employees' organization that the companies have promoted—an organization to which the union employees apparently reconciled themselves at the last settlement and which includes over 8,000 of the 11,700 employees. It is the so-called individual contract that the union objects to. This contract, already signed by a large majority of the employees, pledges its signers for two years and practically cuts off the union from its chances of future growth. The trump card in the hands of the companies, however, is that the individual contract to which so many employees have subscribed was drafted after conference between the companies and representatives of the employees duly chosen by vote. This gives such collective character to the contract as to complicate the entire situation, at least in its superficial aspects. The companies are insistent on the binding force of the contract, the unions on its questionable origin. It is really a resumption of hostilities on the issue of collective bargaining, with a presumption in favor of the companies in their truculent assertion that a bargain, impolitic from the union standpoint, was legally secured.

PROGRESSIVES who fought hard for years against the abuses which were rampant in the American political and economic system may well feel aggrieved at the account contained in Mr. Wilson's Shadow Lawn speech of the way in which some of these abuses have been remedied. He attributed the whole of the credit to the Democrats. According to his account, the country was in 1912 floating into a sea of industrial iniquities, which provoked no effective protest until the Democrats assumed power. Then as by magic a new era of economic regeneration began. The various abuses were dealt with in a series of masterly legislative acts, the net result of which has been the final eradication of the abuses, the deliverance of business and labor from oppressive bondage and the establishment of a new constitution of peace. In attributing to himself and his party the whole credit for what has been accomplished towards industrial reconstruction Mr. Wilson did a gross injustice to the work of many Republicans. The way was prepared for the Democratic achievements by Republicans at a time when Mr. Wilson himself, to judge from his public utterances, was very far from being a progressive and was certainly doing nothing to arouse the public opinion against prevailing abuses. Republican insurgents were at one time putting up the really effective opposition to the sinister "invisible government" of the country. Democrats, such as Mr. Bryan, of course, participated in this pioneer work; and the Democratic party was better capable of passing an acceptable revision of the tariff and of the currency system than the progressive Republicans would have been. But the Democrats have been building on foundations laid by some of their present opponents. It is a pity Democratic leaders have not sufficient generosity and candor to recognize the obligation.

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S handling of the anti-trust legislation in his speech of acceptance is hard to understand. He accused the Republicans of enacting "anti-trust laws which hampered the very things they were meant to foster, which were stiff and inelastic and in fact unintelligible." This must refer to the Sherman law, which so far from being stiff and inelastic, embodied one of the most flexible and comprehensive legal formulas known to the history of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. In so far as it was unintelligible its unintelligibility was the result of its vagueness and elasticity. He went on to describe what the Democrats have accomplished in the following words: "The laws against the trusts have been clarified by definition, with a view to making it plain that they were not directed against big business, but only against unfair business." But the laws against the trusts have not been clarified by definition. In the Clayton act nothing was done to restrict the operation of the Sherman law. Its definitions were only those which had already substantially been achieved in the judicial construction of the law. Least of all were the definitions made with a view to distinguishing between "big business" and "unfair business." Congress has still left it for the courts to settle whether and to what extent big business is bad business. The suits now pending against the Harvester and Steel trusts conspicuously raise the issue whether mere dangerous size offends the Sherman law or whether only the commission of actual public injury makes a combination illegal. This aspect of the law has never received explicit and complete definition, and the Clayton act will do nothing to affect the decision one way or another. Do Mr. Wilson's words mean that the Democratic party has been finally converted to the position against which it has for so long and strenuously protested: that public policy can ignore the question of how large a portion of any one business is concentrated under one management?

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, the British government has refused to issue passports to Bertrand Russell and Norman Angell. The object of the refusal must be that of preventing Messrs. Russell and Angell from fulfilling engagements in this country to lecture. Presumably the government is afraid that the extension to these gentlemen of a license to speak and lecture to American audiences will infect American opinion with heretical views about the war. If Messrs. Russell and Angell are prevented from coming and if their passports are refused because they might not talk about the war to Americans in orthodox language, the American friends of Great Britain can but regard such behavior with profound discomfiture, chagrin and grief. They will wonder how far this intolerance represents the opinion of liberal England and how much the government expects to accomplish by the stupid attempt to censor American opinion. In Mr. Angell's case the refusal to allow him to keep speaking engagements is, if true, of a peculiar stupidity. During his last trip to the United States Mr. Angell did more than all the other Englishmen who have come over since August, 1914, to make the idea of unneutrality in relation to the war persuasive to American opinion.

THERE are atrocities of a civil character which should no more be endured than criminal atrocities. The confiscation of the September *Masses* is an example. Because the *Masses* published an advertisement of "The Sexual Question" by August Forel, its issue was seized and its circulation manager arrested. This is the kind of affront to decency and intelligence which calls for a radical revision at the sources. We do not agree with all the advertising practices of the *Masses*. We think it is mistaken to advertise "'Unmentionable,' by Rev. Ealer. Small leaflet on the most hidden and vital of all subjects. 10c." But the Forel book is just the kind of book that the *Masses* does exceedingly well to advertise. Readers of THE NEW REPUBLIC may remember a long article in these columns on the admirable work of Forel. It was noted in that article that "The Sexual Question" was on sale in a cheap popular edition on Swiss railway station magazine-stands. Is the fatuous successor to Anthony Comstock aware of this? In proceeding against the Forel book as "indecent" literature he has made the blunder of his career. But the real blunder is official and legislative. It should be made impossible for beadles like Mr. Sumner to exist.

SOMETHING is the matter with this campaign. Although it has already reached the verse-bearing age no political verse is born. Neither the Durand case, nor anti-dumping, nor the after-the-war attitude of the United States to the rest of the world, nor the conversion of the hysterical alarmists who in the late autumn and early winter of 1914 wanted a larger army and navy to the safe and sane patriots who in midsummer 1916 want a larger army and navy—none of these things has inspired the poets. Unpromising subjects, which although modern fail somehow to hand out *le frisson modern?* Perhaps so, but how about the vers librettists, whose sensations and ideas are derived so exclusively from the contemporary that they cannot be expressed or suggested by the older forms

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of verse? Why do the free versers neglect to prove that their instrument, when handled by the right party, may become a trumpet or claxon?

IN the war news of the presidential campaign the Progressives are our Balkan states. To court one batch of them, to cajole another, to abduct a third, taxes the wiles of Mr. Willcox, the athleticism of Mr. Vance McCormick. Early alliances are announced. The New York-Albanians have already crumpled, the California-Bulgars have gone their natural way. But the whole story is not told when a few of the states rush to one contestant or another. There are Rumanians in the Progressive party, and more than one invaded, rebellious Greece. These are the powerless who end by wielding power.

The Two Mr. Wilsons

PRESIDENT WILSON'S speech of acceptance began with an able, suave, discreet, yet somewhat disingenuous piece of partisan special pleading. It rose later to higher levels as when he defended the Mexican policy of his administration, or when he pleaded for American participation in the effort to organize international peace. It gave glimpses in some of its phrases of a radicalism of which the Democratic party was not the indispensable and exclusive agent, as when he spoke of the present age as one of "revolutionary change," which needs "new ideas and purposes," not presumably to be found in the Virginia Bill of Rights or the writings of Thomas Jefferson. But in spite of such exceptions the utterance was too much that of a man whose outlook on the mountains and the valleys, the water courses and the highways of the American political landscape was blurred by imperfect partisan spectacles. Vision he undoubtedly has, but it is the vision of an astigmatic Democrat. The American nation, as he sees it, is divided into two irreconcilable groups, one of which contains the men who can be trusted to govern the country, and the other of which, whenever it assumes office, is bound in some way or other to betray the popular interest. To keep one of these groups in power becomes the primary political duty of the American people. As long as they do so they cannot go far wrong. Unless they do so they cannot go far right.

Inasmuch as all successful American politicians must be partisan, it may seem unfair and unnecessary to make much of Mr. Wilson's Democratic partyism. The occasion called for that kind of an utterance. He was accepting his renomination at the hands of his fellow Democrats, who under his leadership have enjoyed a few years of prosperity at the end of sixteen years of privation. Under such circumstances he was bound to turn his speech of acceptance into a partisan polemic. All this is true. In the case of a man of a less over-wrought intelligence than Mr. Wilson, who had not advertised on this very occasion the presence of a "striving to purge his heart" of "every misleading party motive," it might be considered sufficient. The partyism of the ordinary American political leader is either instinctive and innocent or perfunctory and insincere. But Mr. Wilson's partisan Democracy is neither innocent nor insincere. He has never really striven to purge his heart of misleading partisan motives, because to his mind partisan motives are not misleading. He really believes in a qualitative difference between Democrats and Republicans, which attaches to the former the odor of sanctity, and to the latter the mark of the beast. And all this he believes in spite of a life-long professional interest in political history and theory, and of a thoroughly sophisticated approach to political problems. It is precisely this combination between an elaborately intellectualized interest in politics and an apparently profound belief in the salutary mission of the Democratic party which qualifies our faith in Mr. Wilson as a national leader. The insincere partisan may preserve more intellectual integrity than the sincere partisan, because he may at least be candid with himself.

In his speech of acceptance, however, Mr. Wilson had the advantage of an excellent case with which to sustain his partisan special pleading. He was rendering to his fellow Democrats an account of his stewardship; and the account as rendered contained a substantial balance to his and to their credit. Their legislative record is, as we pointed out last week, exceptionally good. Their opponents tacitly admit its merits. Mr. Hughes is not attacking any of the important Democratic constructive measures except the revision of the tariff; and even in his comments on the tariff he insists less upon the necessity of repairing the errors of the Underwood bill than of readjusting the schedules to meet conditions brought about by the war which did not exist in 1913. President Wilson has some justification for partisan complacency. Handicapped as they were by inexperience and confronted by novel and unusually perplexing problems, the Democrats have under his leadership come back as an effective governing body. It is they, rather than the Republicans, who are now showing the ability to plan, deliberate, revise and finally act without falling into irreparable dissensions. It is they who have become self-confident, united, aggressive and expectant. They are pushing the Republicans into the same unenviable situation of being a second-rate negative alternative to a more alert and united body of partisan opponents,

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which they themselves occupied from 1860 to 1912.

But the Democrats under Mr. Wilson's leadership have succeeded so well, less because they redeemed their promises than because they have embodied ideas in their legislation which four years ago they explicitly repudiated. Mr. Wilson says: "The record must equally astonish those who feared that the Democratic party had not opened its heart to comprehend the demands of social justice. We have in four years come very near to carrying out the platform of the Progressive party as well as our own." The platform of the Progressive party is still far from being realized in legislation, but the Democrats have adopted certain of its underlying principles which they formerly denounced. Mr. Wilson repeatedly declared during the campaign of 1912 that liberty was secured by the limitation of governmental powers. The New Freedom differed from the creed of Progressivism chiefly in its aspiration to restore freedom to American economic activity without calling the government constantly to its assistance. Yet if the economic activities of Americans have been liberated during Mr. Wilson's administration, the liberation has been accomplished not by limiting governmental powers, but by increasing them and organizing their persistent and active employment for the national benefit. In one of his speeches delivered early in September, 1912, Mr. Wilson issued a solemn warning to the people of the country to beware of commissions of experts. "I have lived with experts all my life, and I know that experts do not see anything except what is under their microscopes." Yet the Democratic legislation during Mr. Wilson's administration has brought into existence more administrative commissions, composed of men who are or should be experts, than all previous national legislation in American political history; and there is only one theory on which the government by commissions can be justified. The commissions must represent an achieved national policy which is neither Democratic nor Republican, and which the commissioners are qualified to put into practice, because as experts they can devise the means of carrying out a public policy not with the aid of a microscopic attention to petty detail, but in the clear light of all the available knowledge.

But it was in those parts of the speech which dealt with the future that Mr. Wilson revealed most completely how far he has departed from the Democratic tradition of national irresponsibility in domestic policy and national isolation in foreign policy. In memorable words he reaffirmed more emphatically and more lucidly than on any previous occasion his conviction of the necessity of attaching the United States to a league of peace. "No nation," he says, "can any longer remain neutral as against any willful disturbance of the peace of the world. The nations of the world must unite in joint guarantees that whatever is done to disturb the whole world's life must first be tested in the court of the whole world's opinion." Mr. Wilson's hearty adherence to the impending attempt to place a sanction behind international law and to prevent international controversies from compromising national safety is the most enlightened act of his political career. It is the one sufficient method of extricating the poison from the policy of arming in the exclusive interest of American security. It constitutes the first indispensable step in that definition of American foreign policy without which American military and naval preparedness might result in the increase of international apprehensions and the intensification of international antagonisms.

The attitude toward political and social deficiencies implied by an adherence to the League of Peace can be made fruitful in national no less than in international politics. It consists essentially in the abandonment by the nation of an attitude of neutral indifference to political and social maladjustments, in the sustained attempt to diagnose evils and to devise remedies, which, although experimental, have the value of the experiment guaranteed because they are carried out in good faith and with intelligent method. Certain sentiments in the last part of Mr. Wilson's speech squinted in this direction. They looked toward thorough-going national reorganization in the interest of a more adequate industrial and social program. He spoke for instance, of the need of "new thinking," "fresh courage and resourcefulness," and "radical reconsideration of policy." But the phrases were vague; his specification of the steps which ought to be taken in the near future was incomplete and ambiguous. He failed to make any plea for improved administrative methods and standards; and most unwisely he ignored the question of woman's suffrage. In this and in other respects Mr. Wilson is manifestly in a transitional state of mind. The old individualist partisan Democrat, with a political philosophy derived from the Virginia Bill of Rights, is developing into a modern social Democrat, but the transition is incomplete, and Mr. Wilson expresses himself either in the old language or the new, according to the needs of the occasion. His speech accepting his own renomination required the use of some of the old language and some of the new, and he used both with similar suavity and apparently with the same amount of conviction. It remains to be seen which of them he means. He cannot long continue to mean both.

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The Averted Railway Strike

THE prevention of the railroad strike has caused bitterness, but it is insignificant when compared with what would have happened had the strike taken place. A number of well-meaning people have said publicly, and a good many more have said privately, that they would have preferred a strike. They do not know what a national railroad strike would mean, and they are guilty of a serious lack of imagination. There have been very few railroad strikes in the history of the world, and where they have occurred they have brought the nation which suffered them to the verge of civil war. No nation has ever undergone a strike comparable to the one we have escaped. English, French, Italian and Belgian experience was a foretaste, but not a measure of what an American strike would have been. No nation has dealt with industrial conflict over so large a territory, and no nation where strikes have occurred is so dependent as we are upon the railroads. Had the strike occurred, men and women would have died, violence would have been epidemic, business would have staggered, and bitterness unquenchable would have filled the land. And yet men supposedly as responsible as Mr. Jacob Schiff tell us they would have preferred the disaster.

Preferred it to what? To what they call the sacrifice of the principle of arbitration. The principle needs closer examination. The Brotherhoods said they would arbitrate everything but the doctrine of the eight-hour day as a basis of work and wages. They were willing to arbitrate questions of pay and discipline, but not the basic work day. They said it was not arbitrable. Is that mere pigheadedness or is it true? Analysis will show, we believe, that the Brotherhoods were sound in their claim; sound, mind you, not necessarily in demanding an eight-hour rather than a nine-hour day, but in saying that the basic work day is a matter for legislation, not for arbitration.

An analogy may make this clearer. Every student of international affairs has learned to recognize that there is a difference between justiciable and non-justiciable disputes. That is why so many of the same people who denounce the Adamson bill denounce the pacifists who want everything arbitrated. They say quite rightly that you cannot arbitrate the admission of Oriental labor to California. Why? Because it is a question about which no principle is accepted both in Japan and the United States on the basis of which you can arbitrate. Likewise no principle has ever been worked out to form the basis of arbitration for the length of the working day. Had the Brotherhoods agreed to arbitrate, had the President appointed the wisest men in the world to handle the controversy, those men would have had to legislate, not arbitrate, on the question of the work day. The hours of labor can be determined only by one of two methods, by a trial of force or by the legislature as a matter of public policy. A calmer view of the situation will show that any board of arbitration set up to deal with this question would have been simply a little temporary legislature to make a declaration of policy which Congress alone ought to make. The decision would not have been more "scientific" or "fair" because it would have rested in the end merely on the judgment and social philosophy of the arbitrators. They would have had to elevate their theory into the "judgment of the society," and if such judgments are to be passed it had better be by Congress, which has the power to deal with the consequences.

Just because the basic work day is ultimately a matter of social policy, the Adamson bill was a small price to pay for the prevention of a terrible national calamity. What does it say? It says that after January 1st eight hours shall be considered a day's work, and the measure of a day's work for reckoning pay, that a presidential commission of three shall watch the effects at least six months and report within nine, and that until one month after the commission has reported, wages shall not be reduced below the present standard, and that overtime be paid pro rata. In other words, we are to have at least six months' trial of the principle, followed by a reopening of the question of wages, rates, economy, and the method of handling disputes.

The only difference between "arbitration" and the present method is that three or four arbitrators would have had to guess on no experience and on no principle, while Congress has guessed and provided a way for testing the result. The other difference is that a great calamity has been averted.

Congress still has to provide a better method for the future, but its organization can proceed calmly and with the good will of labor. That is an infinitely better mood in which to build than in the aftermath of violence, ruin and hatred. No essential interest is left unguarded, no one is deprived of his chance to be heard. Had the strike occurred no one would have been heard for all the din it would have set up. Congress acted in haste to prevent a disaster. It is a pity that it had to act in haste. It is a pity that in its action it failed to adopt the whole of the President's program. It is a pity that the nation is never prepared for its industrial crises. It is a pity that the social reformers who have thought about these matters are always ignored until the catastrophe is at hand. It is a pity that we have had Colorado, Mesaba, West Virginia, Lawrence, Paterson, Akron, Calumet,

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and that Congress and the masters of business are still unaroused, and very little the wiser. It is a pity that the nation has not yet developed the enterprise and public spirit seriously to face the labor question except when labor shakes its fist.

Terms of Peace

A YEAR or so ago the friends of the Allies who began calling upon them to define the objects of the war were told that no one had a right to think of peace with Germany triumphant on all fronts. There was nothing to do but fight on, doggedly and if need be blindly, so long as the Allies lay on the defensive and the "map" in Bethmann-Hollweg's sense appeared to realize the extreme pan-German ambitions. Whether those of us who believed that the Allies would gain by outlining their purposes and that Germany would be weakened were right or wrong is no longer important. The war is unmistakably at a turning point; Germany's last great offensive at Verdun has failed; her weaker partners are in deadly peril, the coalition is united in strategy on the basis of relatively inexhaustible resources of power; one and perhaps two fresh enemies have joined the Allies; in the outer world beyond the seas Germany is prostrate. A retreat in Europe is practically inevitable. Germany is at bay.

It is for London and Petrograd and Paris to say how long the war shall last. It is for them to decide whether there shall be a settlement before the winter deadlock, or another year of war with Germany fighting a bloody defensive, fighting no longer for the mastery of Europe, but in literal truth for the safety of her own territory. That terrible decision the Allied statesmen must make between now and Christmas, and neutral opinion may play some rôle in it. Perplexing as it is, one thing is clear. The decision will have to be made yes or no either because Germany will or will not yield the terms which the Allies demand. In other words the Allies can no longer escape a definition of their terms. If they decide for another year of war, it can be only because Germany will not give what they believe they are compelled to ask. Some terms they must ask. They may be such as can be won only by another year's fighting. At least they will be terms, and not merely fighting phrases.

Neutral opinion which is heard in Europe must begin to crystallize around some hypothesis. So far America's only contribution to thought is the President's acceptance of the league to enforce peace, his willingness to share in a joint responsibility for restraining the aggressor, his revolutionary utterance that if an association of states is created America will no longer be neutral against the nation which refuses mediation. He has offered to underwrite the peace with our resources and with the powerful navy which we are building.

This proposal bears directly not only on the length of the war, but on the nature of the settlement. Mr. Asquith has told the world that Britain is fighting to establish public law and for the integrity of small nations. When will that purpose be achieved? Clearly only when overwhelming force has pledged itself to the purpose. Here is an offer from the greatest Power outside of Europe that it will join in a guaranty of the public law. Can any one doubt that Mr. Asquith's purpose is more definitely achieved by the support of a hundred million people than it could be by fighting a siege war on the defenses of the Rhine?

So, too, in regard to the desire that Germany "must never be allowed to do it again." Fight for another year the terrible conflict which Germany is still able to maintain—in what position will France be to uphold international order? Surely the guaranty of America, the saving of the manhood of France and England, is a better form of security than can possibly be achieved by a year of hideous assault. End the war before the winter, and the safety of western Europe will be secured by the largest combination of military and naval and economic power ever created.

As regards "Prussian militarism," is it too much to hope for a little clear thinking? In so far as it aimed at the mastery of Europe, it is defeated and will be thrown back. Before the winter comes Prussian militarism will have been reduced to a defense of Germany. The Allies will not overthrow the Hohenzollerns or set up a republic in Germany; a change of heart may take place, may have taken place already. At least no one will ever specify the date when anything so subtle is definitely accomplished. The wiser course is to allow Germany no victory and no ground for brooding revenge, and then trust that the Germans, faced with their awful burdens, their sorrows and their moral isolation, will assess the cost on their ruling class.

In other words, whatever reality there is behind the slogans of the Allies is translated into fact or about to be. The larger guaranties can now be created. What remain to be settled are the actual territorial and economic adjustments, perhaps the most perplexing political task ever put upon the mind of man. Just because it is so perplexing the time has come when semi-official discussion can no longer be postponed. It is not possible to talk about Prussian militarism when the real obstacle to peace may be the possession of Constantinople,

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the future of Turkey, or the status of Poland.

The London *Nation* of July 29th contained two views of settlement which represent respectively what is probably the right center and left center of British opinion. Neither article sympathized with extremes, either with the annihilate-Germany school or the peace-at-any-price school. Both advocate the general plan of a league to enforce peace, and both deprecate the idea of an economic war after the war.

Plan A asks for peace on the basis of nationality and reparation, while it admits that some areas are too cosmopolitan for such settlement, and that economic and strategic factors must be considered. The plan would, of course, restore Belgium, it would give Alsace and Lorraine to France, the Trentino to Italy, Transylvania to Rumania, Posen and Warsaw and Cracow to Poland. Poland is to be a kingdom with Slav affiliations; Constantinople is to go to Russia, Italy's claims on the Adriatic are left doubtful. Dalmatia, Croatia and Bosnia are to be detached from the Dual Monarchy. Serbia is to be enlarged. Some kind of South Slav state is to be set up. The German colonies are not to be restored. Belgium and northern France are to be recompensed so far as possible for their losses. The future of Luxembourg is left open. The plan assumes complete military victory and a dictated peace. It does not differ in substance from the rearrangement of the map of Europe practised by all amateurs in the first few weeks of the war.

Plan B demands the restoration of Belgium with compensation, the restoration of French territory without mention of compensation, the restoration of Serbian independence with protection for the Bulgar population of Macedonia. "We are so accustomed," says the anonymous author of the plan, "to stating these claims of restoration that we hardly realize their full significance. They mean the defeat of the aggressive purposes of the enemy. Prussian militarism pursues three concrete aims, the annexation of the rich coal and iron fields of Belgium and northern France; the winning of a naval base on the Straits of Dover, with a view to overseas expansion; the cutting of a 'corridor' through Serbia to Turkey, without which Germany can exert no physical pressure and win no military ascendancy in the Near East. To defeat these three aims is to defeat Prussian militarism and to end its dreams of hegemony." The plan then recognizes the significance of Mr. Wilson's offer to help maintain the peace, and says that the success of the league is a test and a defense of the settlement.

It says that the settlement must not think of war after the war, or lay much emphasis on strategic considerations. "Italy must abandon her pretensions to full control of both shores of the Adriatic, a project which would deny a maritime future to every other race of central Europe." Russia must not have Constantinople, but the Straits should be neutralized to assure her egress from the Black Sea. For Alsace-Lorraine it suggests the cession of Metz and the western region of Alsace, and the guaranty of equal rights and a bi-lingual culture to the part retained by Germany. It asks for a genuinely independent Poland including part of Posen and Galicia with the use of Danzig as a free port. It puts aside the idea of "breaking up" Austria-Hungary, pointing out that each of its national problems has an "Ulster" within it, that markets could not be secured for land-locked countries like Bohemia and Hungary, especially if Italy secured Trieste. It suggests instead a federal reconstruction, with a chamber of national rights guaranteed by the league for the Finns, Letts, Ukrainians, Jews, and Austrian Slavs. The Trentino it would yield to Italy, and to Russia the Ruthenian part of Eastern Galicia.

The plan advocates the opening of French colonies to foreign trade, an equivalent in Africa for the colonies Germany has lost. In Turkey it would give Russia free use of the Dardanelles and Armenia. To Germany it would yield commercial rights in Anatolia and Mesopotamia, and England would consider a revision of sea law.

The spirit of plan B would, we believe, harmonize with that American opinion which desires a settled peace on the basis of a Germany thrown back but not crushed. With the details we are in a position to deal critically. More than any other proposal that has come to our attention, it would seem to form a profitable basis for discussion among liberals.

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French Opinion on the War

I HAVE not been out of France since the beginning of the war, except for five weeks spent in England at the end of 1914. Nearly all my friends here are French and circumstances bring me in touch with people of all classes and various shades of opinion. Nothing is more difficult, it is obvious, than to get any accurate information about the state of opinion in a belligerent country, and I hesitate to generalize about French public opinion. But on one point I am quite decided: opinion is very different here from what it was a year ago, and still more different from what it was earlier in the war.

About English opinion I cannot speak at all definitely, for I have not been in England for eighteen months, but from all that I hear, it is very much what French opinion was eighteen months ago. That would be natural, since England came effectively into the war so much later than France, and for a long time after the war began the bulk of the English people was little affected by it directly. Here the war has affected almost everybody from the first; conscription makes an immense difference in that regard. However, even now, England has not suffered from the war to anything like the same extent as France. The losses of men, great as they are in proportion to the effectives, do not come near the losses in France. The economic conditions in England are still incomparably better than in France, where trade and industry have been paralyzed for nearly two years and only trade in munitions and that in food and drink flourish. France is living on capital and on imports; the imports rise steadily every month and, for the first four months of this year, reached a total value of about five hundred million dollars, an increase of about thirty per cent on the first four months of last year. Naturally, the idea of a long war of attrition, which seems to be complacently accepted in England, has never been accepted here. Indeed there is a good deal of popular dissatisfaction with England due to the belief that England is indifferent to the duration of the war, because it has not suffered as France has suffered, and that the English do not realize what the prolongation of the war would mean to France or what the war means to France already.

There are, so far as I can judge, very few people left in France who believe that it is possible to reduce the enemy to impotence. M. Maurice Barrès has long since abandoned his favorite pastime of carving up the German Empire in advance and we hear no more of ambitious schemes of annexing German territory up to the Rhine. Even M. Hervé hardly ever says now that peace is impossible until we have liberated the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein, the Dalmatians, the Croats, the Czechs, and heaven knows whom besides, and restored freedom to Poland under the benevolent sceptre of the Czar. It is no longer even the official program of the government to reduce Germany to impotence; M. Briand, when he became Prime Minister last November, merely asked that Germany should be willing "to resume its rank among the nations with the intention of developing itself according to its genius while respecting the genius of others." A nation that was reduced to impotence could not develop itself at all. The last place in which it is believed that it is possible to reduce Germany to impotence is probably the army. Certainly, in spite of the continued official declarations that we are more sure of victory than ever, French opinion is much less optimistic than it was; or, let us say, it has fewer illusions.

Of those people who, when in February, 1915, there was a talk of German peace overtures, explained those overtures by the hypothesis that Germany recognized that it had done all it could, there are some who now say that it was a great mistake not to have made peace long ago—that we shall probably get no better terms for having waited. Indeed the question: "What good will come of it?" is becoming a very frequent one. People are beginning to realize that victory itself would be of no use if, when it came, France, as M. Jean Herbette said recently in the *Echo de Paris,* most bellicose of papers, came out of the war bled to death (*saignée au blanc*). The question whether the war will be crowned by victory is becoming of much less importance than the question of the effect of the war on France, whatever its result may be. Victory will not bring back the dead to life, restore those who are permanently maimed, or prevent the physical degeneration that must ensue if only the weak and the old are left to be the fathers of the future. On the whole I should say that the feeling in France resembles that in Germany much more than it resembles the feeling in England, for the conditions in France and Germany are much more alike, although France, of course, is not suffering from the scarcity that the British fleet has caused in Germany. Prices are very high here, but there is no real scarcity.

Such are the modest generalizations to which I am prepared to commit myself, and I will add one

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more to them. Very few people here, so far as I can judge, would be prepared to accept peace at any price, but if peace were offered to France tomorrow with the evacuation of French and Belgian territory and the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, there would not be one per cent of the French people in favor of continuing the war in order to crush German militarism or reduce Germany to impotence. One great difficulty in the way of peace negotiations is that the respective governments have so terribly compromised themselves by the extravagant hopes that they have held out to their respective peoples. Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg talks, reasonably enough, of the necessity of looking at the land map of the war, but he voluntarily forgets to look at the map of the sea.

Apart from the points as to which it is possible to generalize at all, there are great differences of opinion according to age, class and locality. The old are much more bellicose than the young as a rule; those who still say that we must exterminate the Germans, reduce them to impotence for two centuries, or take other drastic measures in their regard, are nearly always over sixty and usually over seventy. The old seem horribly indifferent to the massacre of the young; I hardly like to say that they are actually pleased to survive so many men younger than themselves, but really they sometimes talk in such a way as to suggest that. This is an old man's war so far as its direction is concerned; it is the old who send the young to be killed. It is very easy to shout "*jusqu' au bout,*" when one is in no danger of going even "*jusqu' au front,*" and those who are not fighting seem as a rule much more bellicose than those who are. The French army has shown magnificent courage and tenacity as a whole, but it is not the men at the front who say that they like war or paint attractive pictures of the delightful life in the trenches; they leave all that to elderly academicians and journalists. I have met many men who have been made anti-militarists by going to the front; I have never met or even heard of an example of a contrary conversion, although I cannot assert that it is unknown.

Among those who are not fighting there are the differences of class and locality. For instance, Paris is, as it always has been, more jingo than the other large towns. There are certain towns such as Limoges and Grenoble, where the movement in favor of peace is very strong and has gained the large majority of the population. The south of France is more strongly in favor of peace on the whole than other parts of the country; it has always been intensely anti-militarist. The French Socialist party has been split in two by the war; a minority of rather more than one-third of the Socialist deputies—about thirty-five—advocate the immediate resumption of international relations with other Socialist parties, including those of enemy countries, in order to organize an international movement for peace. This minority is now in permanent opposition, whereas the majority of the Socialist deputies is ministerial, as in Germany. The Socialist deputies for Toulouse are in the majority, but the Socialist party in Toulouse has declared in favor of the minority. Other southern towns are inclined in the same direction.

An interesting circumstance is that there is a growing feeling in favor of peace in conservative circles, and the peasants form perhaps the class that is as a whole most anxious to finish the war. This is interesting, because the conservatives and the peasants made peace in 1871 against the wish of the urban population and of the advanced parties led by Gambetta. The peasants voted conservative in 1871, whereas they now vote radical in most parts of France, chiefly because they are anti-clerical. They still remain conservative, although firmly Republican, however; they have no sympathy with royalism or any other form of reaction. Even in departments where the peasants return Socialist or advanced radical deputies, their innate conservatism is not rooted out. The peasants are slow to act and difficult to move, but they have a large voice in the government of France. If they really made up their minds that the war must be brought to an end, peace negotiations would be near.

Although, as I have said, there is a peace tendency in certain conservative circles, especially among the families of the old Right who are Orleanists by tradition, the bourgeoisie—that is to say, those who are neither peasants nor proletariat—is on the whole the most bellicose class of the population. The Nationalist reaction that preceded the war was almost entirely confined to the bourgeoisie. It greatly affected the younger generation, many of whom are now much less Nationalist than they were before they knew what war meant. The older generation has not had that experience and it is suffering less from the war than the corresponding class in any other belligerent country. There are a good many people, of course, who are positively profiting by the war; the profits on government contracts are enormous, since the government pays far too much for everything, especially munitions, and large sums are earned by mere intermediaries. But, leaving aside those who profit by the war and, therefore, are not anxious to see the end of it, the class that lives on rent or interest is hardly affected at all. Men who earn their living by a trade or profession have often suffered terribly; many of them are ruined, but the *rentier*

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is in clover. His income, as a rule, is not reduced, and he pays no more taxes than in time of peace, which is to say that he pays very little, for the system of taxation that exists in France is probably the system most favorable to the rich and most unjust to the poor in the world. While in England and Germany there is a very heavy income tax, in France an insignificant income tax has just come into force, a mere installment of M. Caillaux's income-tax scheme, which was passed by the Chamber seven years ago and has been hung up by the Senate ever since. That is the only fresh taxation yet imposed since the war began. M. Ribot's system of running the war on loans, many of them at very short term, may not be sound financially, but it has kept the *rentier* quiet. Anybody can see in Paris that the rich are not as a rule touched by the war; there is no sign of the war economy of which one hears so much in England. Therefore, the French bourgeoisie is less tired of the war than the other classes, although there are signs of a change even in bourgeois opinion. The feeling of the proletariat differs in different places, but there is certainly no general feeling among the industrial classes in favor of continuing the war to crush Germany.

To sum up, there is very little extravagance here in regard to the results to be obtained from the war or the conditions to be imposed upon Germany. There is a very general desire for the war to end, but there is a fear that it cannot yet be ended without some sacrifice of French or Belgian territory, which would never be agreed to. If the French people had the assurance that no such sacrifice would be demanded, that Germany would agree as a preliminary to peace negotiations that the integrity of France and Belgium should be taken for granted, not even discussed, then peace negotiations would be in sight. The French people would allow all other points to be matter of negotiation. That is the direction that any mediation should take. The split in the Socialist party has brought peace nearer. The Socialist minority in the Chamber joined by a certain number of radicals makes the nucleus of a peace movement, which at present takes the form of encouraging international discussions. But it is not a movement for peace at any price, and what is required to make it effective is just such an assurance in regard to the integrity of France and Belgium.

ROBERT DELL.

The New Profession of City Manager

THERE are now forty municipal officials in the United States who are styled "city managers," under the new commission-manager form of government. They are the professional chief executives of their respective municipalities, each with appointive power over the city's entire administrative establishment. They are not popularly elected, but hired for reasons of fitness and for an indefinite tenure by a small elected commission of five local men. In all but two cases the commissions have gone out of town for their managers. Sometimes they have advertised for them, just as the German cities advertise for a new burgomeister. Sumter, South Carolina, issued a proclamation, Jackson, Michigan, gave a note to the associated press, Hickory, North Carolina, had a little paid advertisement in the *Engineering News*. In five cases they have captured successful managers of smaller cities by offering them larger salaries and opportunities. Thus it was, for instance, that Mr. Carr did well as city manager of Cadillac, Michigan, and won promotion to the managership of the city of Niagara Falls, and Mr. Ashburner went from Staunton, Virginia, to Springfield, Ohio. Three managers received their training under Manager Waite of Dayton, who was himself previously the head of the Department of Public Works of Cincinnati during Mayor Hunt's reform administration. Two universities, Texas and Michigan, have arranged courses for training city managers. The managers have held two annual conventions to exchange ideas and their "Proceedings"* are interesting civic reading.

The commission-manager government vests all the powers of the city in a single elective board called the commission or council, usually, but not necessarily, of five members elected at large. Often the title of mayor is retained, but it merely indicates the chairman of the commission, his powers being identical with those of the other commissioners, having a vote but no veto and no separate appointive power. The commission hires the city manager, not being limited in its choice to a local resident and usually having the naming of his salary unrestricted by the charter. The city manager holds his office for an indefinite tenure but may be removed by the commission at any time. He appoints all department heads, prepares the budget and runs the government under

* Obtainable from O. E. Carr, City Manager, Niagara Falls; price, 15 cents.

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the general oversight of the elected commission.

Most of the places where this form of government is working are villages with a population of 10,000 or less. The cities are Dayton and Springfield, Ohio; Cadillac, Manistee and Jackson, Michigan; Niagara Falls and Newburgh, New York; Phoenix, Arizona and St. Augustine, Florida.

From all these cities and towns radical reforms are reported. A saving of about 20 per cent in the cost of the municipal service is common. All have installed better fiscal control and improved budget procedure—that of Dayton, I understand, fulfills the fondest dreams of the Bureau of Municipal Research, and certainly its report reads like a first-class corporation statement. The managers have cleaned up floating debts and halted the easy-going habit of borrowing for current expenses. Their biggest gains, they claim, are not readily reducible to dollars because they consist of getting more service out of the same number of men, equipment and expenditure. They tell merry tales of how they found things when they began. At Manistee, for instance, a bond issue for $80,000 had just been arranged for a new main sewer. The incoming city manager took some tons of dirt out of the old sewer and found it in good condition and adequate; so the new one was not built. Often fair comparison between the old régime and the new has been impossible because the old accounts were so unreliable.

To these city managers the correction of such conditions is a passion. They have started with the assumption that that is what they are for. Urge them to confess that politics and patronage do creep in and you will find that you have insulted them. "I don't know the politics of a single man under me," asserts one. "If pressure were brought to make me appoint a man for political reasons, I'd resign instantly," declaims another. They would, too. They are, if anything, too intolerant of local politics, too unaware that some of the unbusinesslike difficulties which beset them are part and parcel of democracy and are just what go to make their tasks bigger and prettier than corresponding positions in private corporations. They must, however, find something in their jobs that fascinates; for some, and very likely most of them, are working at lower salaries than they could get in private employment. Waite of Dayton, who rejected $15,000 a year to work for Dayton at $12,500, is at one end of the salary list; while at the other end are young college and Bureau of Municipal Research men slaving in tank towns for $1500. The fascination draws other men, too. The whole engineering profession is interested, especially the engineers who have some municipal experience. I would rather like to be a city manager myself and so would you —a skilful administrator building up a city beautiful out of cheap politics and disorder. Schoolboys make inquiries that reflect the same dreaming.

Most of the managers are young engineers, for in a small city that is what is needed. They have had to acquire their municipal finance. They are learning the tricks of municipal purchasing—witness the keen talk at their last convention when they compared notes on fire-hose specifications. Police problems and social welfare work, city planning, housing ordinances and municipal law are fields wherein, like old-style mayors, they must still trust their common sense. But they have what an old-style mayor never had, the incentive to round out their knowledge by study and growing experience, inasmuch as the opportunity to use such knowledge is not confined merely to one city and a limited tenure.

In these three years they have already met a wide variety of receptions. In some towns, Dayton, for example, the new broom swept newcomers into the commissionerships—business men who had never figured in politics and who cheerfully ignored demands for patronage. So Manager Waite has had smooth sailing and a free hand as far as the commission was concerned, although the commission itself barely escaped upset at the next election. The first managers of Beaufort, South Carolina, and Phoenix, Arizona, overlooked the delicate difference between governing and administering, and outspeeding their commissioners lost their jobs. In Ashtabula the commissioners fought over the managership and finally elected one of their own number, whereupon the outraged town turned a civic somersault and the manager hurriedly resigned, making way for a local politician who seems to be doing unexpectedly well. Newburgh, New York, hired the park department head of Cleveland and after five months removed him in the interest of a lower-priced local man of good political connections, although the whole town came down and sat in the council chamber and made the commissioners feel a bit conscious about it. These are the exceptional cases, however. Most of the managers feel that they are on solid ground.

There has been enough trouble to reveal the thing that is likely to prove the great practical merit of the plan. Once satisfied that they have a capable and right-minded manager, the people can guard the entire administrative service by simply guarding him. Once he has won this confidence, the manager can take long chances in resisting covert political pressure. Instead of having to watch the whole bottle, the people need only

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watch the neck. When the removal of the city manager is agitated in the commission, the city takes notice and inquires why. Corruption, instead of being an imperceptible seepage, must somehow perform the positive act of getting rid of the city's biggest officer in full view of the whole town.

The managers recognize now, as at first they did not, that part of their job is to "sell" good government to the citizenship, to work the publicity, to convince the public of the value of all that is undertaken. At the beginning they handed out statements that fell flat or kept silence when they should have spoken. The best plan, they now say, is to let the reporters see all the wheels go round, even to letting the manager's correspondence lie on his desk in a special basket for an extra day before filing so that the reporters can look it over, ask questions and dig out their own stories.

One tendency which this article itself reflects is to center attention unduly on the city manager as being the novel feature of this plan of government. The managers have learned they must keep clear of local issues and discussions, keep off the stump and out of the limelight. Otherwise they might get identified with this or that mooted policy and stand or fall therewith. The real government is the commission; the manager is simply their expert servant. Therefore to the commission belongs the glory if they find a good city manager and make the most of him. The manager can go straight for efficient government except when the commission holds him back; the commission must often choose which part of the public to offend or must carefully guess what will please an inattentive people.

Generally speaking, three years of trial in a variety of towns have proved that the new plan furnishes a battle-ground for democracy that makes the unmobilized citizenry unusually effective while the opportunity for expert administration which it offers is usually grasped.

RICHARD S. CHILDS.

Rumania Joins the Allies

THE fact that Rumania has declared war on Austria means that John Bratianu believes the Austrians and Bulgarians so heavily engaged everywhere else, that they cannot carry hostilities into Rumanian territory. John Bratianu is the best informed neutral statesman in Europe, and if he believes that the Central Powers cannot seriously threaten Rumania's highly vulnerable nine hundred mile frontier, then the Central Powers are even more reduced than has been heretofore supposed.

That Rumania was originally a party to the old Triple Alliance has at last been openly and officially admitted. Her reasons for not entering the war on the side of Austria and Germany in August, 1914, are, as given, those of Italy. The truth was that the late King Carol was an ardent German, that he secretly signed a treaty with the Central Powers, and that in August, 1914, he tried to cast Rumania's lot with his own royal relatives.

The situation then was politically the same as to-day: Bratianu was in power, behind him was a large liberal or moderate majority, and he enjoyed as well the prestige of his father's name and of the short and profitable Sofia campaign. His political opponents consisted of a small radical faction led by Take Jonescu, and the conservative party, led by Marghiloman, Filipescu and Jean Lahovary. The conservatives are principally large land owners, and their influence is greater than their numbers indicate. Moreover in Rumania the personal faction in politics corresponds to the same thing in Italy, as will be understood by students of European party politics.

King Carol, when the war broke out, called to a conference at Sinaia, Rumania's summer capital, the leaders of the various groups. He found a majority of the conservatives favorable to joining the Teutonic Powers at once, and a majority of the liberals tending to the same course. Bratianu was in great danger of being swept into the whirlpool. But the late Jean Lahovary, the friend of the French, is said to have saved the day by a patriotic speech which split the conservatives and gave Bratianu a breathing space in which to brace himself against the great influence of the old king. However that may be, Bratianu was able to stem the tide, and thereafter easily supported himself in the face of the dying king's efforts.

Russia's successful Galician campaign of 1914 entrenched Bratianu even more solidly in power, and his influence over King Ferdinand, aided by that of a British queen, became paramount. A new opposition formed of Jonescu's intellectuals and of the pro-Ally conservative minority under Lahovary (and later under Filipescu) was neutralized by the pro-Teutonic conservative majority under Marghiloman and Carp. Jean Lahovary died; and in what passes for public opinion in the Rumanian oligarchy, Carp and Filipescu were disqualified by their age, and Marghiloman and

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Jonescu by their peculiar reputations. Bratianu reigned supreme.

Now the fact is that in the spring of 1915 great pressure was brought on Bratianu to declare war on Austria when Italy declared war, but all the Allies could extort from him then was an engagement to fight on the side of the Allies definite as to everything except the time for the action. This while apparently leaving Rumania bound actually left her free, and worked to her interest more than it did to the Allies' (especially Russia's) who were really the ones bound. This agreement was an act of the greatest diplomatic finesse.

It is indeed probable that Sazonov, until lately Russian foreign minister, bungled the whole Balkan situation. Everywhere it is now believed that through his sentiment for the pan-Slav movement he allowed himself to be fooled by Ferdinand of Bulgaria and to refuse Rumania's demands for the Banat of Temesvar out of regard for the feelings of King Peter of Serbia. At any rate the moment passed, Russia's armies were driven out of Galicia, and Bulgaria joined Austria to crush Serbia. Therefore Rumania waited, and so favorable became her position that she was able to sell her oil and grain at high prices to both sets of belligerents at the same time.

According to Rumanian diplomatic agents Bratianu has always insisted on having, as the price of Rumania's military assistance, the entire Austrian provinces of the Bukowina and Transylvania, plus the Hungarian Banat of Temesvar. It is probable that all this has been promised her, and that Sazonov's resignation had something to do with Russia's compliance in these demands. But even so, it must not be forgotten that whereas Rumania once refused to open hostilities with Serbia intact and Bulgaria neutral, she now consents with Serbia occupied and Bulgaria hostile. No doubt Bratianu believes the Austrian southern armies incapable of offense, the Bulgarians over-extended already on their front from Albania to Thrace. Moreover, King Peter of Serbia is hardly any longer in a position to contest the title to the Banat of Temesvar.

According to the most recent reports (in the *Universul* of Bucharest) Bratianu demanded actual proof that arms could be delivered via Kiev and Jassy, and twenty-six carloads were so delivered. Since munitions for at least ninety days are already at hand, and a continuous further supply guaranteed, this last obstacle was removed.

From a military point of view too much must not be expected from the Rumanian army. Some doubt exists as to methods of selection for the higher military commands, also as to the efficiency of battalion and company commanders, the backbone of all armies. But the technique is good, the private soldiers sturdy and willing, and the general morale, like the Italian morale, greatly improved by an offensive as against a defensive mode of warfare. About 250,000 troops are immediately available, with reserves, undrilled or partly drilled, of about 500,000 more. This is no inconsiderable force for Austria and Bulgaria to confront in their present situation.

That the Rumanians will initiate an offensive at once there is but little doubt. Either they can link their own offensive with the Russian offensive on the Transylvanian border, or remaining on the defensive in that theatre of war, they can threaten Sofia by such a rapid blow as succeeded in the Second Balkan War, for Sofia is only one hundred miles from the Rumanian border, and the fall of Sofia would cut again the one railroad from Berlin to Constantinople (Budapest-Belgrad-Nish-Sofia-Constantinople) and have at once an immense moral and material effect. Events, however, should soon indicate the direction of the contemplated Rumanian offensive.

Great credit is due John Bratianu. Apparently he has sold Rumania's intervention at his own time and at his own price, and has been equally successful in managing the corrupt politicians of Bucharest, rash patriots, foreign statesmen, and a Hohenzollern king. If Rumanian arms now support Rumanian diplomacy, John Bratianu will emerge from the war with not only a European, but a world-wide reputation; and his nation will acquire no inconsiderable voice in the concert of the Powers.

GERALD MORGAN.

Lazy Verse

JOURNALISM is the unique literary achievement of this age. And journalism has brought some benefit to the literary tradition. It has elevated lucidity and human interest to the high place of esteem where in a democratic society they belong. It has made the laborious task of imitating library echoes in order to get into the *Atlantic Monthly*, unnecessary. It has rendered book-fed and literarious writers as obscure as they are tiresome. But journalism is not literature; it is business. And with some accidental exceptions the tendency of journalism to insert itself into the place of literature is a disaster to the art of writing. I am thinking of the new dilute variety of prosy poetry which is watering the country, and in order to separate myself from those who have any conventional or technical prejudice against the composi-

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tion of poetry without meter I call it Lazy Verse.

Amazing are the metaphysical theories which those who produce this material put up to justify their professional incapacity for the intense rhapsodies of art. I am not going to dispute those theories, for of all obvious rationalizations of personal inclination, the so-called "sciences" which an artist constructs about his art are the most obviously unscientific. When a man starts a school of poetry, you can be sure that he has an impulse to create something unique, but lacks the energic capacity to sit down and do it. Every great poem is a school of poetry, but it does not issue circulars about itself. Futurism, Imagism, Vorticism, the "Sceptric School," Polyrhythmic Poetry—all these names, and the others, are efforts to compensate a sense of creative inferiority. So let them pass.

But that poetry is more and more being written without meter, and that in consequence more and more poetry is being written, and that those who so write are most of them convinced that they have gained in freedom and power to convey realizations to the imagination, is a fact which any true science of poetry will have to consider. It will have to estimate the motives, and weigh the values of the "free-verse" tendency in general. I am going to make a beginning in that direction by pointing out that in the majority of cases a mere lack of energetic idle time, or the habit of intense concentration, is the motive to free verse, and the only value gained is the journalistic dilution which enables poetry to expand and multiply and cover space, as all the rest of our writing does in this day of the innumerable magazines and the enormous newspaper.

To read William Blake's poem "To the Evening Star," or to read passages of the Psalms, or Song of Solomon, in the English Bible, or of Tagore's or Giovannitti's poems, is enough to prove to anyone that realizations of the utmost poignancy can be conveyed without meter by the poetic use of names. Perceptible forms too can be engendered in that exaltation in which qualities of thought or passion have as clear definition as qualities of sound. Even the very absence of form, and often of intensity itself, can have poetic value in so unique an achievement as Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." It was necessary that some miraculously powerful poet should burst up through the fine pages of recorded high passion with the uncouth realities of the hours of a man's everyday life. This could only be done with the everyday manners of language. It could only be done irregularly, verbosely. It could only be done *unsatisfactorily,* for if it were satisfying it would not be the unqualified and incommensurable reality that was required. But persons who have drunk the whole draught of Walt Whitman's poetry and realized that it is an eternal achievement in literature, and persons who think the English Bible and many other unmetrical visions are exalted poetry, are still entitled to find the general tendency of modern "Free Verse" dissolving and wearisome in an extreme degree.

There are two kinds of people who become infected with journalistic free verse—poets and prose-writers. The motive which brings prose-writers to this form is the same as the motive which makes magazine editors fill prose full of paragraphs and little sub-heads that have nothing to do with the subject of discussion. It is a business of "breaking up the type." It is a part of the new art of display-advertising. It makes the prose easy to read. And the necessity of that is a direct outcome of the fatness of the Sunday newspaper. We live under the weight of so much printed material, for the daily absorption of which we feel responsible, that every effort must be made to tickle us and kick us and jog us along so we will get through anything to the conclusion. So far from being a return to primitive, naïve or simple styles of writing, this breaking up of continuity in lines neither demanded by mechanics nor suggested by music, is the height of effort at sophisticated stimulation of a jaded perception.

Poets write the new free verse for a more complicated series of reasons, the matrix of which is indeed primitive. It is the aboriginal indolence, which if it had been one ounce heavier would have eliminated the necessity of our writing poetry at all, or doing anything else that pertains to energic civilization. I am speaking now of the poets who have passion and talent enough to produce in their life-times a few gems of concentrated expression, but who have fallen in with the flow of the magazines, and accepted their fatal facility as the type of literature in our time. Another side of this question is presented by the fact that free verse advertises the chance of poetic creation to many persons who ache with feelings but lack the agility of wit that metrical and rhymed excellence demand. They have gained confidence to express themselves in poetry, and for that all wise lovers of the art will be thankful. But even for them, now they have made the venture, it may be that a more rigorous self-discipline, though it should not produce so many poems that were "all right," would produce lines and passages more adequate to their passion, and more stimulating than mere "acceptableness" to those who read them. At least it is of dubious benefit to an art that more people should undertake it merely because its difficulties have been relaxed by an easier convention. It used to require a very high combination of faculties of

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heart and brain, with strong concentration added to these, to make a poem which would endure reading at all. To-day all one has to do is to say something. And anyone who has something to say can do that.

A person whom I suspected of trying to propagate one of those self-advertising schools of poetry, by calling some free verse effluvium "polyrhythmics," once mailed me at my request a loose-sheet note-book, and I submit my response as a proof of this statement.

I like this end-opening note-book.
I would like a side-opening note-book too.
I find them so yielding to poetry,
So yielding also to prose,
Ay, even to polyrhythambics, the songs of the parrot-cage,
So yielding and so sweet to the assaulting pen.
In hyper-dactyls and duck-billed trochaics I will sing—
If you can call that song which is the very soul
Of loose-necked indolence and club-headed slothfulness of being—
Yes, even in these vegetable polypods of prosic poetry
I will put forth small buds of thought and feeling.
I will celebrate the paper that I sing them on,
And ask you, by the muse of mussiness and paleness and decline,
To send me on another note-book, open at the side,
And measuring ten by eight; for ten is not too many inches,
Nor is eight too few,
To plant these boneless syllables, these molluscs of mute nature, on,
These water-fat amorphous multitudes,
In copulating rows that shall regenerate unto infinity,
And crowd the world with stringy puddles of inarticulation,
Until red hells of vengeance like the flames of poetry
Arise in revolutionary number,
Purging space and holy nature of this slow and sleep-engendering gangrene,
And sending down to violent oblivion and intense decay,
With one last heaven-searching scream that shall alone remain in memory,
Their pusillanimated authors.

It is not only the ingenuity of mind demanded to construct, without awkwardness and artificiality, the compelling forms of poetry that is lacking in these journalistic poets; it is that rhapsodic trance of the whole being which makes those forms savagely aspired to as a war-dance or a hypnotic drug. People who declare that there are "no new rhythms" possible in metric poetry, are people so neutralized with effete parlor civilization that their vital organs are incapable of resounding to the fundamental trance-engendering stroke of the tom-tom. They are incapable of hypnosis. They are incapable of naïvely falling asleep to dream. They do not know what fundamental rhythm is. If they did, they could not but distinguish that in their minds from the superficial forms of phrasal music which an artist inevitably superimposes upon it, and they would know that just as many phrasal patterns are possible in a fundamental rhythmic trance, and a great many more probable, than in the state of hyper-sophistical intellectual preciosity which they have found out how to exploit as primitive and free. Too much neural excitation and too little of the booming pulse of the blood is what distinguishes this freedom from the freedom of the poet who is lost in a rhapsody of song. It is easy to be free by simply declining to engage a medium offering a vigorous resistance of its own; but to be free by virtue of the power to conquer with your passion everything that stands against it in the genuine utilities of an art, is a freedom worthy of the boast.

To use line division at all is to acknowledge the organic value to imaginative realization of the semi-regular recurrent stimulus, out of which in aboriginal recitative the forms of poetry arose. To use it with arbitrary opportunism, so that no judgment or choice, human or superhuman, not even your own, could ever put your poem together again if it fell apart, is neither primitive nor free, nor interesting, but simply obtuse. It reveals a lack of sensibility to the real quality of the thing.

In all arts it is the tendency of those who are ungrown to confuse the expression of intense feeling with the intense expression of feeling—which last is all the world will long listen to. The journalistic vogue of free-verse encourages this kind of confusion in poetry. It gets people to spend an entire literary life cultivating an emotional personality instead of cultivating an art, because there is not enough resistance in the medium of the art to make it worth going up against. In order to produce anything which will compel attention beyond the vogue of the Sunday paper and the everyday magazine, it is necessary to concentrate attention upon the making of something, more even than upon the passion out of which it is made; and that is one thing that the forms of rhythmic poetry compel us to do. Having the habit of such effort, it is not impossible that we might on some occasion achieve one of those formless forms, like Blake's, that are so rare as to be remembered through the centuries. It is not impossible that we might subdue the listener to our passion without form as well as without metrical music. Nothing can be declared impossible to the whims of the artistic impulse. But the general deliquescence of all high-strung and concentrated expression which the journalistic commerce of our time is accomplishing can be declared incompatible with the whole spirit of art. And that any writer living in this wide stream of watery verbal emotion can learn to produce great poetry by pouring these long verses into that stream, can be declared tragically doubtful.

MAX EASTMAN.

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The Stockholm Conference

THE Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation is not what the eager spirits who conceived it desired—a governmental body. Yet though wholly unofficial, it is in some real degree representative.

Delegates from the six chief neutral countries have been sitting around the big green table in a room of the Grand Hotel in the Swedish capital, just across the river from palace and parliament house. In Switzerland and Holland, in Sweden and Norway and Denmark national committees served at once as the constituencies and the agents of this central committee. Only the United States delegates have had, as it happens, no such support. Consequently the character and work of the Conference have quite naturally been much less understood in America than in Europe. Efforts to get Spanish representation have so far failed, owing to war-time difficulties of travel and communication.

Here in the United States the ridicule which was heaped upon that picturesque and much misrepresented demonstration of American knight-errantry, the Ford peace ship, still clings. It was a widespread misrepresentation to state that this undertaking had no plan. On the contrary it had a well defined plan, and executed it. This was to bring into being an unofficial conference for mediation.

While the other delegates were chosen, as has been stated, by national committees, the American delegates were chosen by the peace ship group, but not merely from their own number. Of those chosen outside its membership Miss Jane Addams was not well enough to go although she greatly desired to, Mr. Bryan was busy with political affairs at home, Dean Kirchwey has been held month after month by his duties at Sing Sing. Out of this list I proved to be the only one able to lay aside regular duties for the emergency call. Mr. Louis P. Lochner, well known to American students, and especially to those of Wisconsin as the organizer of "Cosmopolitan Clubs," was made the General Secretary.

The Neutral Conference has had three phases. At first a body of thirty members, five delegates from each of the six countries represented, it was later reduced to twelve, or two delegates from each country; and now, according to a Stockholm dispatch of August 16th, it has again altered its form and is to consist of three bureaus, one at Stockholm, one at Berne, and one, with Mr. Lochner as Secretary, at The Hague. Each change, however conducive to effective work, has been widely heralded by those not in sympathy with the Conference as marking its dissolution.

The first phase of the Conference, in which the national delegations were set at five each, lasted from the middle of February to the middle of April and was mainly occupied with formulating two appeals, one to neutrals asking for the calling of an official conference, the other to the belligerents proposing specific peace terms for a just and reasonable settlement. This "Appeal to Governments, Parliaments and Peoples of the Belligerent Nations" was at once published, and also personally submitted to the Stockholm representatives of the belligerent governments. Not only did the neutral press print this in full—and paper is dear now in Europe—but Austria, Germany, Great Britain, Italy and Russia permitted its appearance, and the French-Swiss press gave it at least some access to France.

As neutral colored dust shows up white on a black surface and black on a white surface, so these terms proved their impartiality by contrasting with the extremer views of both sides. Yet in general the divergence was less than might have been expected. It was an English statesman who said that the Conference proposals gave the Allies more than they could expect to claim on the basis of military advantage. This, naturally, is consistent with the object of the proposals, to indicate a solution based not on conquest or near-conquest, but on the permanent advantage of the peoples of Europe.

Menshikov commenting on these proposals in the conservative *Novoe Vremye* said: "Thanks to its lofty tone, its humanity and its appeal to the religious consciousness of the peoples, this Stockholm document must be received with the greatest respect. It is more than probable that none of the belligerent great Powers will pay any attention to the wishes of private dreamers, however respectable they may be. The war will continue in the old way. But after the war it seems to me as if one would be obliged—quite unintentionally perhaps—to fall back upon the Stockholm principles, as it will be very difficult to imagine any others."

With this essentially deliberative work accomplished, the Conference reorganized itself as was stated and a central committee of twelve replaced the former thirty. This smaller and less unwieldy group of two delegates instead of five from each country proved far better fitted for executive tasks. Even the full number of twelve has not

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always been present, and much of the most active work has been done in smaller sub-committees.

The membership of the central committee was an interesting one made up of striking personalities, each for the most part with some special contribution to make. Although its composition shifts somewhat, alternates sometimes replacing the delegates proper, among the most active members have been two professors of international law, Gjilsvik and Lie, both from the University of Christiania. The Swedes have been represented by Lindhagen, a leading radical member of the parliament, "burgermaster" of Stockholm, a middle-of-the-road idealist who is very useful as a leaven and a stimulus, and also by Dr. Wigforss, a young university man, a student of international relations, full of initiative and fire. Burgermaster Lindhagen's understudy is the only business man with a vote in the Conference, Hansson, a publisher, interested in various social questions and especially in colonial problems. The Danish contingent supplies "an old parliamentary hand" in Klausen, a solid genial Socialist, as much respected outside his own party as in it. Switzerland sent Dr. Scherrer-Fuellemann, National-Rath from St. Gallen and president of the Swiss group of the Interparliamentary Union. Perhaps the outstanding figure, however, has been Dr. de Jong van Beek en Donk of Holland, the Conference chairman for July. He is probably the only one of the European group known in America except to specialists. The moving spirit of the Dutch "Anti Orlog Raad" and of the international "Central Organization for a Durable Peace," he has thrown himself heart and soul into the work of the Conference, which he has helped to bring into active coöperation with the chief European peace forces. He has rejoiced, as he says, to be working for the first time with those who can give all their time and not merely spare hours, to peace work.

As soon as the basis of the work had been laid in the appeals to the governments, the reorganized Conference set itself to get in touch as far as possible with the belligerents, endeavoring to find the least common multiple of their conflicting purposes. The difficulties are enormous and often it has been like fighting a fog, yet the wonder is not that so little but that so much recognition should be given to a purely unofficial group. Just what is being planned and done along lines of unofficial conciliation can naturally not be published. The pamphlet "A Better Germany" sums up the impressions of the visit of one of the Conference members to Berlin.

It is obvious that while an unofficial conference has the advantages of its irresponsibility it cannot replace the governmental neutral conference which so many students of the international situation have been and are urging on their respective governments. To work for the calling of such a conference is one of the objects of the Stockholm body. The proposal has been brought forward by its members and friends in the different parliaments, and largely owing to Burgermaster Lindhagen's influence a unanimous vote was passed by the Swedish lower house in favor of the courageous policy of an independent initiative on the part of Sweden, and a calling of the Conference of neutral Powers on her own responsibility.

The feeling toward the United States in this connection is interesting. With enormous prestige and illimitable resources she is widely felt to have failed the cause of international order by her inaction and preference for playing a lone hand. If she does not yet take a bolder and more constructive policy she will lose a miraculous opportunity to serve belligerents, neutrals and her own cause.

The mediatory work of the Conference could not alone occupy all its attention. It has left opportunity for much propaganda and educational work which is the fire under the boiler. It is its ability to focus and energize opinion which gives the Conference a power which governments are the first to realize. It is itself one of the "imponderables" that dour old Bismarck insisted must not be lightly rated.

This is why Milyoukov and Professor Gilbert Murray give it their views, why the English government officially instructs its representative to receive the Conference appeal with its proposals as to peace terms, why a Spanish minister believes that "the whole neutral world is indebted to the Stockholm conference."

One of the methods of the Conference is to persuade distinguished men in various countries to agree to be ready to comment in the press on each outstanding pronouncement and event as it occurs, bringing out its international significance, emphasizing the approaches made toward the line of solution, and the necessary steps still untaken by an Asquith, a Bethman-Hollweg or a Wilson.

American public opinion receives much less of this clarifying leadership in international affairs than does European opinion, and both cause and result are to be traced to our provincialism.

When peace comes it will come as a resultant of military and political pressure. On the political side, even in autocratic countries, public opinion and the public will, "imponderable" as they are, weigh heavily. In helping to clarify and unify the opinion that will finally bring peace the Conference is, incidentally, also making history, if only on the "little drops of water" principle.

EMILY GREENE BALCH.

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VERSE

Old Man Laks

They tell me Old Man Laks is dead.
Old Man Laks—burned in his bed;
Dropped a lighted cigarette;
Now his neighbors can't forget
How, after midnight beer discussion
They had drunk and rolled and chattered,
How their stupid doze was shattered
By his screaming oaths in Russian.
I'd been in his unkempt store;
Went to try his cigarettes.
When I slam the loose-hung door
An old voice somewhere thinly frets,
"Well, what would you?" from the dark.
He tells me where his wares are kept
But to serve me does not deign,
So I explore his musty ark.
When no buyers came he slept
Or lay silent with his pain.
Through the curtained door was seen
His red table and his lamp.
Things smelled of fish and kerosene
And the outer room was damp,
But when buyers were so few
There was scarce enough to eat;
He could not buy comforts too.
And he seldom left his cot
And was never on the street,
Lay there silent and forgot,
With a rug across his feet.
But I never saw him read,
Though he seemed to know by heart
All the heavy Hebrew tomes
That were heaped in those two rooms;
And he knew each subtle part
Of his strict and ancient creed.
He had cigarettes for sale.
Were they smuggled? That's a pale
Weak transgression, if you please.
Every stranger can't be taught
That to break a law in Kiev
May be virtue; but deceive
On this side the swarming seas
And it's deadly sin—if caught.
So his life was sordid, yet
He deserved a nobler death
Than to choke in flaming breath
From his blazing coverlet.
Once I looked at his white hair
Out upon his dingy bed
And I saw the shadow there
Of some blessing on his head.
There was something, some denial,
Some great thought he locked within,
Or some undiscovered passion,
Ghost of some long-conquered sin,
That had given him his trial
In no overt, common fashion
But in secret. Or some power
Lay forever unaroused,
And the breast where it was housed
Never throbbed in its great hour.
That was all. But it was there
In that face and outflung hair.
But he lived and burned. God mocks
Greatness in such men as Laks.
My soul with searching has grown lean
But this moment has been mine,
To see the smudge of fire divine
In life so pitifully mean.

LYMAN BRYSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Claims Leader's License

SIR: In your recent controversy with the *Call* over the nature of truth, you appear to have forgotten the principles stated in an article that appeared in your issue of February 13th, 1915.

This article was occasioned by the meeting of Mother Jones and the younger Rockefeller at a hearing of the Industrial Relations Commission. Mr. Lippmann (the fact that the article was unsigned does not make the authorship any less certain) referred to Plato's hope of a perfect state when philosophers should be kings, and kings, philosophers. Pending this time, the writer said, there would continue to be a clear division, especially in the political field, between thought and action, between thinkers and leaders. The leaders would continue to see so singly their end that they would not trouble to be nice about the means, nor could they reckon with the incidental results of their policies. The thinkers, on the other hand, would see all sides of every question and all courses of action; their difficulty would be to find any endurable compromise between what they wanted and what they could get. Thus the leaders often defeated their own ends by ill considered action, and the thinkers theirs by the inability to act at all.

You, the thinkers, forgot this division of functions when you utterly damned the *Call,* a leader, for lying. In the heat of battle the truth is whatever appears to be a useful weapon. Only an endowed sheet with no specific ax to grind can afford the luxury of eternal verities. It would have been just as reasonable if the *Call* had denied your right to exist because of your failure to support Benson and the Socialist ticket.

Understand, I do not quarrel with you for pointing out the *Call's* deviations from absolute and relative truth. I claim only that you have no right to intimate that these deviations, *per se,* make the *Call* useless as an organ of its cause. If your suggestions were offered in a different spirit, if you put your philosophic attainments at the service of this brave, if blind, little fighter, you would both come nearer your not wholly diverging aims.

FLORENCE L. TANENBAUM.

Merrill, New York.

[Suppose that in the heat of battle the truth is whatever appears to be a useful weapon, the "truth" offered by the *Call* to the car strikers was a gun that fired through the breach rather than through the muzzle. It may be necessary to lie in order to act. That is too large a question to debate here. But why not at least lie effectively?

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Incidentally our correspondent has a score to settle with the editors of the *Call*. They accuse us whenever they mention us of inability to see the truth because we are endowed, while she seems to think that only an endowed paper is capable of seeing the truth. We are flattered but unconvinced.—THE EDITORS.]

"From the Weaker Party"

SIR: When citizens fall out and call upon their followers to attack each other in a public place, to the discomfort and possible danger of other citizens, it is the practice to call the police, to arrest the combatants and to let a court decide which party is at fault.

According to your editorial of August 26th, entitled "The Railroad Crisis and After," President Wilson is to be commended because he has said to the men with the "big stick," in this case the employees, "You men are right and I will therefore use the influence of this office to make your employers grant your demands; at the same time appointing a commission to determine whether you are right or not." This is regardless of the fact that at the same time he will be imposing tremendous burdens in the way of increased wages, which the men themselves admit will follow, pending whatever final decision is reached by the proposed board, upon the physically weaker party.

The reference of this whole dispute to the President is I believe an extra-legal action. That being the case would it not have been better evidence of statesmanship, had the President said to the men: "Your method of enforcing your demands before the questions have been reviewed by an impartial body, carrying with it as it will untold loss and suffering to the one hundred million people of these United States, is unthinkable. If you insist upon using your ultimate right to strike *before* the matters involved have been passed upon by an unprejudiced body I shall be compelled to throw the whole weight of my influence as President, and as Commander-in-chief of the Army if necessary, to prevent the direful results which would follow the Industrial warfare which you propose to wage."

As stated by you the President's whole consideration seems to have been "What will the brotherhoods accept" instead of "What is the fair thing." He has thereby strengthened the cause of industrial warfare when he might have lent substantial aid to "the square deal."

Your use of the word "practical" in connection with a guaranty made by a President who will have no power to enforce it if he fails of reëlection seems hardly justified.

J. LOWELL WHITE.

Wilmington, N. C.

Heroes of the Sea

SIR: Last night I happened to be trolleying from New Bedford to Newport. At Fall River I changed cars in a violent thunder storm, my Newport car filling up with sailors on shore leave. The only seat I could get was in the open behind the motorman. He cheerfully invited me to use him as a screen from the driving rain. By the time we reached Tiverton our electric connection broke down and I stepped into a nearby garage to telephone to Newport. One of the sailors followed me in. As I waited for the long distance call he came up and asked me if I lived in Newport. "Yes." "Are you a married woman?" No answer. He stepped nearer and said, "I didn't hear what you said, ma'am." "I didn't say anything. Of what interest is it to you whether or not I'm married?" "Oh, I only spoke because some married women are very particular about being spoken to." "Is that so. . . . I'm not used to the question in this country. Once when I traveled in Mexico that was often their first question." But he was not to be diverted from his single purpose. "Are you alone, ma'am?" "That's another Mexican question. *'Sta sola?'* they ask." "Oh, I only asked because if you were alone I thought when we got to Newport you might like my company." At that moment they called out that the car was going and we both ran, he to his dry seat inside and I to my wet seat outside.

Presently the rain stopped and a sailor, not the same sailor, came out on the front seat. "Don't you think the life of a motorman is more adventuresome than that in the United States navy?" I asked him—our motorman was just then manipulating a live wire. He didn't answer directly, but he said with considerable enthusiasm, "That's the job I'm looking for when I come out." "Why did you go into the navy?" "Oh, just like the other fellows, there wasn't any job on the outside. I had no home, I thought I'd try it for the four years, but I'm looking for another experience when I come out."

Last night our motorman did indeed seem to be getting what "experience" there was to be got out of the situation. He brought his car through carefully and responsibly, and to one passenger at least he appeared gallant. As the car finally sped into Newport she began to wonder why boys are never told to become trolley car men to learn efficiency or to learn how to protect women. And she wondered too how much protection the women of Newport had been getting this summer from the navy.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

Newport, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Meyer Lets the Cat Out

SIR: Anti-suffragist women illogical? By no means, as the writer of your editorial "Tainted Ballots" must have suspected. They have only assumed an illogical position in order to conceal a logic so ruthless that our age is not prepared for it. But at last you have forced them back on their real ground of objection. Writes Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer in your last issue: "If she [a woman] is conservative and a believer in the rights of property, she is logical enough to believe that more help will come to her from a male electorate, *even if she herself has no vote,* than to gain one at the expense of swamping the polls with an electorate which has far less interest in property, and represents many less taxpayers." [Italics are Mrs. Meyer's.] This is hard common sense. No anti-suffragist would decline the vote if it were offered to her alone. But to give the vote to wage-earning women, to the mothers of families supported solely by the earnings of labor, and to propertyless women on salary—this would involve a real extension of democracy which makes the standpat man or woman shudder. Mrs. Meyer's letter proves that anti-suffragists are against votes for women not because they disbelieve in women, not because they disbelieve in the vote if used for their own purposes, but because they disbelieve in democracy. Let them honestly go before the country on this issue.

ACTON F. PALGRAVE.

New York City.

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Books and Things

DO undergraduates read Swinburne nowadays? Judging from a sample chosen here and there I should say that they don't. They know "When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces," and "In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland," and "Shall I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel," but they do not take long drinks of Swinburne, out of schooners, as we did between twenty-five and thirty years ago. I do not mean that even in my day all Harvard undergraduates read Swinburne, or that even to the most decadent among us he was ever a major god. But we could read him in his own tongue, as we could not read Ibsen or Tolstoi, and he added to the excitements in life. The women with whom he brought us acquainted were brilliantly unlike the charming girls whom we took to football games or danced with, of a Saturday evening, at Papanti's, and who never appeared, no matter how oddly their mothers chose to dress them, either in raiment of dyed sendaline or clothed about with flame and tears. Along the water side of Beacon Street, in the late eighties, walked few feet shod with adder-skin. And in Swinburne the talk was different. I cannot remember hearing a Harvard student tell his partner that she laughed "with a savor of blood in her face, and a savor of guile," or call her "my snake with bright bland eyes." In Boston and its environs the proportion of mystery was no doubt what it usually is where young women and young men are gathered together, but it was an innocent, natural mystery.

Sin was the specialty of the Swinburne who wrote "Poems and Ballads," the volume with which, as being the cause of most scandal and cry, we were naturally most familiar. We knew him as the young poet who had set the Thames on fire, in eighteen sixty-something, with his song. He fell among women, and "I say, Archer, my God, what women!" Although they lived in a world so remote from ours that we could reach it only by a long leap, Swinburne's rhythms furnished the necessary springboard. He never degraded Lust by treating it as mere Love. By representing desire as a thing of sin he enabled us, who had been taught to associate these two, to feel ourselves not so far from home after all. Thus in time we could habituate ourselves to his surprising women, who had subtle-colored hair, eyes like the eyes of a dove that sickeneth, mouths that made the blood beat in feverish rhymes, mouths like fervent amorous roses, and whose kisses were rapturous, venomous, poisonous and prolonged. These women lived in a land where the kisses that were given and received had fangs and bit and drew blood, and yet a certain restricted freedom of choice was open to us. Even here there were women and women. Not even here was every sin as scarlet. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, lips darker than purple kisses. Tuesday, Thursday and (at the pleasure of the lover) Saturday, the pallid lips of old Semiramisses.

Sin was the many-colored garment in which these ladies, wrapping themselves about, sought to hide their monotony from our eyes. And so for a while we were illuded. It takes time to perceive the sad sameness of strange sins. It takes time to perceive the tedium of days divided thus: Sin, eight hours; sleep, eight hours; sundries, eight hours. The only way to tell these sinners apart was to consult the column marked "sundries," about which Swinburne had nothing to tell us. In "Le Prince d'Aurec," at a fancy dress ball, a lady got up as Marion Delorme makes her entrance with words like these: "Many men loved me, each in his own way; and I loved them all, in the same way." When at last we saw that all his ladies were desperately the same in their loves we shut his book, we left behind his land of anapaests and dense air, we discovered that our own country had its good side, that we breathed deeply with ease in it, that after so much unrelieved heavy brightness its cooler and varied colors interested our eyes. But the best escape of all was from a routine strangeness out into a world where strangeness was accidental, welcome, unexpected, and where no two strangenesses were alike.

Is it because an older reader is offended by the sameness of Swinburne's women that Swinburne is not easy to read continually nowadays? Partly for that reason, no doubt, and partly because few older readers have kept a consciousness of sin. I often do things I wish I had not done, just as I leave undone things I ought to have written promptly and dropped in the mail-box. I am cowardly, procrastinating, evasive, slothful, but the nearest I ever come to feeling sinful is when I get a letter which looks like an assertion that my account is overdrawn, and which often turns out to be nothing but praise of some new beauty in the high grade security line. Lacking the essential feeling, I sometimes feel, when I pick up "Poems and Ballads," first series, that the poet's purple and scarlet passions hardly deserved to be called sins, that they are no more sinful than a gilt and plush sunset, and that a man who insists so much on the wickedness and shamefulness of his desires probably overestimates their strength.

This explanation has the merit of accounting for the neglect of Swinburne by the present crop of undergraduates, many of whom have been brought up as if there were no such thing as sin in this universe. Not being equipped with the needful illusion, they find out sooner than we did that almost all Swinburne's intellectual journeys were only from heaven to hell, from lilies to roses, from night to day, from life to death, from tyranny to liberty, and back again, and that upon none of these journeys did he see much that he hadn't noticed the first time. He did not make too much of these contrasts, but he made what he could of them too often.

Or else—is it possible—can it be—that the wise youth of to-day, knowing so many things so early, know this also in advance of experience, namely, that wickedness, even in woman, is not the whole of life, and that the most unchaste woman in the world may be otherwise uninteresting? Or perhaps it is Swinburne's lack of structure that repels them? Often you wonder, as you read on and on, whether his habit was not to start a poem with some fragment that occurred of itself, and then to make more fragments in the same metre, until his ear desired another metre, when he would take what he had written, choose a first stanza and a last, and let the others arrange themselves. What are they like, these long and structureless poems, as empty of meaning as of movement from mood to mood? They are like blown fires that spread without arriving, like champing swift horses always in the same place, like huge elusive bellying sails that the mind cannot furl. The emptiness is filled with lines that call and clang, with a rushing wind of rhythm, with a musical movement repeated and repeated until it gets into one's blood, and the pulse beats to its measure, and long after the wind has blown itself out the waves keep up their rolling and washing. P. L.

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Domesticating Mars

The Free Man and the Soldier, by Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.40.

ONE ought to be a Rip Van Winkle to get the full effect of Mr. Perry's book. It marks a change in American attitude which only one who could exclude recent events might properly estimate. Ten years ago there was about as much sentiment in this country for compulsory military service as there is at this moment for compulsory child-bearing. Compulsory military service was an expedient that simply did not enter the calculations of the ordinary American. Great hopes could be entertained of the Swiss initiative and the Swiss referendum, but the Swiss army scheme seemed as little appropriate to the United States as the United States navy scheme would be to Switzerland. Conscription was a specialty of continental Europe as remote from this country as monarchy itself. There was not so much a sentiment against it as a general assumption that it was alien, archaic, illiberal, inconceivable. And now, out of the thick of a sophisticated society, a Harvard professor argues "universal" military service with every indication of representing a definite body of American opinion. It is the kind of a change for which only a huge subversive experience can account.

Why does Mr. Perry support the cause of conscription? To read his articles innocently, one might suppose that universal military duty recommended itself to him on the ground that it was the "democratic" method of providing security for the country. He argues the case for it on this plausible score, as also on the score of its educational and social advantages. But the merits of universal military service, precisely the same ten years ago as they are to-day, are necessarily Mr. Perry's afterthoughts. If it were not for the European war, and for one special circumstance of it, it is practically certain that he would no more ask for compulsory soldiering than for compulsory road-making or scavenging or butchering or fire-extinguishing. A "democracy implies that there shall be neither privilege nor immunity," he urges earnestly. But privilege and immunity are saving most of us from the uglier chores every day. It is not reasoning like this that led Mr. Perry to come to a belief in compulsory service. He came to it above all, one seems to see, because he accepted America's "genuine peril," the "hazard of war." The upset of the balance of power in Europe has torn most American minds from their moorings. What security can there be in a world where such a thing can happen? And what is the good of living in a world where things can be so insecure? The behavior of the Germans, in particular, seems to convince Mr. Perry of the necessity for being prepared. He usually couches his phrases this way: "The scale and the method of modern warfare make universal training not only an appropriate means, but an indispensable means." But he is really apprehending wanton invasion. The Germans deliberately let hell loose in Europe and it is through the light of this appalling and infamous fact that Mr. Perry sees military possibilities and calculates international affairs. He does not say so directly but all through his book, on pp. 12, 34, 56, 62, 65, 136, 145, he betrays the shock that the Germans dealt to his universe, and he infers from their action a definite hateful danger. It is a condition, he seems to say, and not a theory that confronts us: we are dealing here with the kind of evil wilfulness that we must either obey or destroy. There are forces of destruction in the world which "must be met, each according to its kind, by the forces of deliverance." And he seems only sorry that the United States had not its forces of deliverance available in 1914 to enter the European war. "We cannot afford to cherish any ideal whatsoever unless at the same time we are willing to put forth the effort that is commensurate with its realization." And that effort may well be military. "There is no fair escape from the tragic paradox that man must destroy in order to save."

The neutralism and non-resistance of pacifists impels Mr. Perry to emphasize the rôle of force. Force is justifiable in its war on lawlessness. "It is provident and constructive in its ulterior effect." "With this principle in mind," he continues, "we may now take a further step and justify offensive war, when undertaken in the interest of an international system or league of humanity." "Strength without high purpose is soulless and brutal; purpose without strength is unreal and impotent." For the accomplishment of civilization, in fact, "it becomes necessary to use the harsh and dangerous instruments by which things are done in this world. Civilization is not saved by the mere purging of one's heart, but by the work of one's hands."

Once Mr. Perry conceives of war by his own country as inevitably war on lawlessness he can easily wave aside the foible of "conscientiousness." In wartime a citizen who does not approve of the war must bide his time. "If his conscience is offended, so much the worse for his conscience. What he needs is a new conscience which will teach him to keep the faith with his fellows until such time as their common understanding and their controlling policy shall have been modified. The man who refuses to obey the law or play the game because he has been outvoted is more likely to be afflicted with peevishness or egotism than exalted by heroism."

Granted the peril of war and the virtue of one's country, this is clearly the way to talk. One must emphasize, however, that it is exactly the way Germans have talked, and created terror by doing so. They have said to Liebknecht: "So much the worse for your conscience!" How is it that a brave and patriotic Harvard professor should so simply follow the German example, so simply dwell on the problem of asserting righteousness, so little dwell on the anterior problem of ascertaining it? He does not mention an "iron ring" that threatens to choke us, but he does insist on "lawlessness" in other nations, and, with an extraordinary faith in the efficacy of force, does think of it as our means—our chief means—of furthering high international purposes. A sainthood on our side, a dragon on the other, he nerves our sainthood to the need of gouging the dragon. For that purpose he wants us universally trained to kill.

At base it is a fine impulse that forces Mr. Perry to consider war as an American possibility. The phenomenon of the jingo has nothing to do with him—and indeed the jingo, the undeveloped man who wants his country to bully other countries, is too scared to peep at present. Mr. Perry is neither maudlin nor melodramatic. He is simply resolute about facing what he conceives to be a newly conditioned world, a world in which hateful facts present themselves, regardless of the facts we prefer. Life, as he sees it, contains an unsuspected range of inimical possibilities, unsuspected threats to security. He is prepared to accept those threats and to pay a price for insuring against them.

A man must be brave to counter Mr. Perry by minimizing the practical danger of war. He is bound, in the first place, to be sure he is not evasive in circumstances where it is supremely natural to evade. At the end of

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"Hedda Gabler" Brack is actually in the room when Hedda shoots herself, but so unforeseen, so unwelcome, is her act, he exclaims that these things don't happen. Thus works the diaphragm of habit. When the doctor says, "You have cancer," you do not believe him. You want to close your eyes and then wake up out of your dream into a world still humane. When the man near you shouts, "The boat is going down," you want to hit him. The awful, unescapable fact provides such unmerited suffering that you feel entitled to deny it. The notion of justice persists in the teeth of everything, even resorts to a theory of "compensation" and poses a mysterious Handicapper who has a "benign" intention at the bottom of it all. To ward anguish from our nerves is automatic. It is therefore all too easy to substitute preference for observation, or to act the ostrich. And only those who are born with a noble capacity for reality can let anguish touch their nerves without sealing their minds.

Something of this capaciousness for unwelcome experience, I believe, and something of transfiguring patriotism, inform Mr. Ralph Barton Perry's attitude toward the war. The readjustment of American society which he proposes is so great, however, that before assenting to it one must be sure that normal pacific experience has really been subverted, and that compulsory service is the price to pay for peace. Such, certainly, does not seem to me to be the case. And one seeks in vain in Mr. Perry's book for two essential points. First, a demonstration that it is not Mr. Perry's own inexperience in the ways of foreign policy and European states that causes the German act to look so monstrous. Second, a demonstration that Mr. Perry has considered the army and navy establishment in relation to geography and the rest. Unless a man is informed on these points, he is in danger of making false analogies, perhaps the greatest danger that partial sophistication involves.

It is as a philosopher, however, that Mr. Perry is most to be criticized. He can best be criticized in his own words. Because his patriotism has been violently stimulated by Germany's aggression, he concludes that we must be expedient. Perhaps he suspects himself of a squeamishness that might endanger his country. He will not flabbily vacillate, procrastinate, contemplate. He will lift his eyes from his navel. Grim business is afoot. A condition, not a theory, has arisen and he will hold himself ready to lend a hand. But "the practical man," he says himself, "is always confronted by a condition. I shall suggest presently that every condition does in truth involve a theory; but if so, the practical man ignores it. . . . His problem is the comparatively narrow and simple problem of finding the instrument to fit the occasion and achieve the result."

This is just the point about war. It is a platitude that inoffensiveness cannot solve life, and most of us will agree to destroy rather than be destroyed. But it is mad to say, "to be effective in this world is to hazard a judgment and to commit oneself to it." When men tremble on the brink of a bestial wastefulness like warfare—men who on both sides possess impulses, as Mr. Perry says, but are not possessed by them—the determining fact may be, and ought to be, their estimate of the savagery and dispensability of war. A philistine may not feel this. He may insist that "the work of civilization is to make the right also *mighty*, so that it may obtain among men and prevail." But there are such objections to war in itself, to the temper preceding it, the brutality it releases, the "butcher's bills," the wounds it poisons, that a philosopher's position should much rather be one that keeps these things in mind than one that gilds with "higher purposes" and "qualities of idealism" mankind's most obvious of hideous lapses. It takes two to keep the peace, but the peace is a basic desideratum, and Mr. Perry is far too much concerned about America's direct interests as against enemies than about her working for the terms on which the world can keep friends.

Short-range practicality, says Mr. Perry, "means a readiness to meet the immediate occasion as is dictated by the momentary desire. Such practicality is a perpetual meeting of emergencies. It is a sort of living from hand to mouth, an uninspired and unillumined opportunism. That which is ordinarily condemned as unpractical, and which *is* unpractical from this *narrow* standpoint, may now be called long-range practicality. That is to say, it is that prevision, that thorough intellectual equipment, that wisdom as to the ultimate and comparative worth of things, without which there can be no security nor any confirming sense of genuine achievement. It is that which makes the difference between making a fool of oneself, however earnestly and even successfully, and living in a manner which would be able to endure the test of time."

These words of Mr. Perry are severe, but they apply with astonishing directness to "The Free Man and the Soldier." It is a courageous and loyal book, but it is marred by short-range practicality. Death is beyond words preferable to losing liberty, honor or self-respect. This Mr. Perry is valiant enough to see. What he fails to see is the loss of liberty, honor and self-respect involved in every war that could be avoided. If he saw this more clearly, he might plan more for security by ways of understanding rather than ways of force.

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Ideals for Schoolboys

The Ultimate Belief, by A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $1.00.

MR. Clutton-Brock has already written two little books on the war which have defined, more clearly than anything else, the moral issue between England and Germany as it appears to a mind of exquisite delicacy of perception. What he has done in this new volume is to set forth with an equally distinguished clarity his attitude to the general problem of the universe. He has done it in a special fashion that he may bring home to English educators the way in which moral and spiritual value may best be taught in English schools. He remarks with much truth that English education has no explicit philosophy. He is deeply concerned at that omission.

It is a great question whether the main premise of Mr. Clutton-Brock's position is really sound. We have all, of course, to base our philosophy on the actual experiences of our own life. Yet, as a merely general question, one cannot help feeling that what largely distinguishes English education is the number of men who have infused it with the practical deposit of their life's thinking. Arnold of Rugby, Thring of Uppingham, Walker of St. Paul's, Paton of Manchester—here is a noble line of succession. Each has meant to a generation of men the growing perception of fine truths. Each has taught those truths in the competitive democracy of an English public school. I don't really think that by the time an English schoolboy arrives at the age of fourteen or fifteen, he thinks it error to like poetry, or ungentlemanly to read history, or English only to love sport. His affection for the moral values about which Mr. Clutton-Brock is concerned may be implicitly felt rather than explicitly expressed; but it is none the less surely there. Even De Quincey, in the agony of ungrateful opiumizing, bore testimony to the real love of great literature (classical at that) in the school from which he ran away. What the English boy uses as the basis of his philosophy is not the fairly abstract belief he gains from books. His thought crystallizes about the teachers with whom he comes into contact, and it is the likes and dislikes of his school days that determine, however unconsciously, his ideals. He gains his principles from the personalities with whom he comes into direct relation. One thinks, for example, of the influence of Father Dolling on a generation of Winchester boys; or, to take a later stage, of Green and Nettleship on twenty years of Oxford life. Their work is comparable to that of Mark Hopkins and William James. It is from them that men found the impulse to a fine activity.

So that when Mr. Clutton-Brock suggests as the right basis of an educational philosophy, the simplification of Kant's categorical imperative, with an extension of its demand to truth and beauty, I wonder really if he has seized aright of the balance of subtleties which make up the school boy mind. To say, "love beautiful things for their own sake," hardly satisfies the craving for direct explanation which it tortures, say, a fifth-form master in an English public school to satisfy. To the eager demand for reasons he can only answer that it is so, and the acceptance of his response will be in direct proportion to his influence on boys. A man like Lewis Paton carries with him the immediate perception of his rightness by the vital bond of friendship. He has a real love of boys. He has that most valuable of social instincts which enables the youth of one generation to hail comradeship with its predecessor. What has given him his influence is not so much the things he has said, as the fact that his own passionate belief in their truth has been their sufficient justification. They became part of his pupil's most intimate faith. But it is the bond of personal affection which has given them their primary validity.

That is why I doubt whether Mr. Clutton-Brock's search for a philosophy of education points in the right direction. The problem, after all, is very like that of politics: we cannot write our measures save in terms of men. I do not mean that a system of organized thought is unnecessary, but it can be true only because men translate it into the concrete event. For each of them it will not be quite the same just because each will have seen life a little differently. It is thus bound to be not an objective but, in an important degree, a personal philosophy. It is from its transmission through the character of men that it will obtain its acceptance. The realization of this subjectivity is the more important since no one can pretend that any one philosophy is going to obtain the kind of widespread agreement the truths, for instance, of mathematics or of chemistry can secure. So that the content, certainly the positive content, of any educational philosophy is going to depend on the men who interpret it. It is their spirit which will give it its sustenance, and from them it will draw its final value.

One last word. Mr. Clutton-Brock talks of the three spiritual desires of Good and Truth and Beauty. Accidentally almost, he refers (p. 67) to something he calls the "social instinct." But it is surely this one fundamental thing the life of a school is to breed. It is in this context that our attitude to life must be evolved. Without it, we know from Aristotle that a man is either a beast or a god. If we write our educational philosophy in terms that permit of its neglect, assuredly its largest object will have been defeated. For we may not deny the truth of T. H. Green's striking aphorism that virtue is a positive contribution to social good.

H. J. L.

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